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One
♥ ERRIE
CHRISTMAS TIME

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W.M.S., Mar. 17, 1934



Merry
Christmas-
to you.

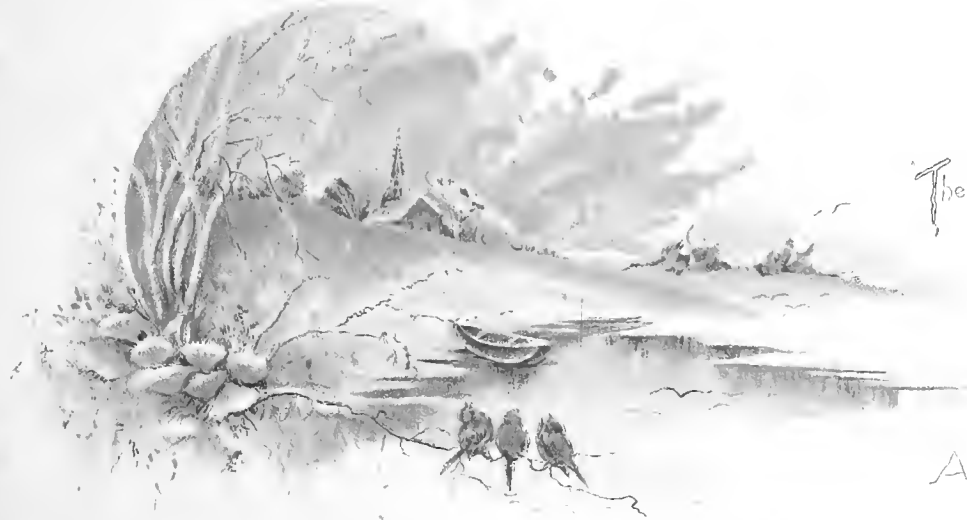


Dedicated to
Some one
who knows all about
The Merrie Christmas-Time.



Resting cold for - and
17th of





The time draws nigh
The birth of Christ
The moon's hid: the
night is still.
The Christmas bells
from hill to hill,
Answer each other in the mist.
Tennyson—



"Over the hills of Palestine.

The silver stars began to shine,
Night drew her shadows—
Softly round,

The slumbering earth, without a sound."

Prescott.

Where the tangled barberry bushes

Along their tufts of crimson berries

Where the long low line of hills

Meets the shining of the sky:





There a messenger from heaven sings
Joyfully the frosty air rings—
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
For Christ is born in Bethlehem.





I wonder if Sorito will
pass this way
When he comes to our house to day





Revised and Illustrated
A. R. L. S. S. S.



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